PS 3545
.A68 V5

1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00002847218

VIOLET VERSES

LILLIAN HOPWOOD WARD

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1911

Copyright, 1910, by Lilllan H. Ward

All Rights Reserved

The author wishes to express her thanks to The Eberle Music Co. for permission to use some of the verses in this volume.

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

© Cl.A278726

These verses few I've named for you,
O timid little flower.
May they suggest all that is best,
And share your gentle power.

Violet, of all the spectrum,
Thy ray is most refrangible.
Violet, of all the blossoms,
Thy meaning most intangible.

CONTENTS

	Page
The Strongest	9
To a Brave Boy	10
Congeniality	11
A Happy New Year	12
The Lily and the Violet	13
The Cupid Clock	15
To You, Dear Heart	16
The Trolley Car	17
To the Snowflakes	18
The Thoughtless Word	18
A Knowing Elf	19
October	20
"Regents"	21
My Garden	22
Mother's Face	22
"Do It Now"	23
A Glorious Fourth	24
After Thanksgiving	25
"Slim"	26
Christmas Bells	27
Ninety and Four	28
Advertising in Rhyme	30
As You Say It	30
The Cupid Clock and the Match-Safe Girl	31
A Presentation	32

CONTENTS

	Page
Presenting an Official Badge	32
To Mrs. Joseph Wiser	33
To the Lost Umbrella	34
The Lily-Bells' Chime	35
Since I Love You	37
That Dear Old Home	38
Alta Chase	39
Jimmy's Day in Town	41
Leaf Dance	43
Autumn Song	44
'Tis Better So	45
Raindrops	46
To-Morrow	47
Spring Sunbeams	48
Lonely	49
Consolation	50
The Clock	51
Just to be True	52
To a Butterfly	53
February	54
Lullaby	55
Do You Know?	56
The Last Leaf	57
Walking on the Shadows	59
To the Stenographer	60
A Smile Worth While	61
Music—By Dick	63

VIOLET VERSES

THE STRONGEST

The strongest wins—ah, yes—'tis true.
But who is strong, I would ask you?

The one whose form shows perfect health?
The one who wins by means of wealth?

The one who lightly overpowers—
Whose great endurance braves the hours?

The one who dares great danger face
And in its midst takes foremost place?

The one who by far-reaching thought,
For public good great wonders wrought?

Such heroes—and they are not few—
Deserve their laurels, it is true.

But is he not the strongest one
Who hath a noble duty done?

Who in his corner—urged to wrong—
Hath dared defy, hath dared be strong?

Who in a simple, quiet, way
Hath dared that little "No!" to say?

TO A BRAVE BOY

Have you told your mother, Willie,—
  Told her of the wrong you've done?
Have you told her of the struggle—
  And the victory you have won?

He who dares to conquer evil,
  He who dares to do the right,
Is a victor worthy honor
  As a true and noble knight.

Evil ones may mock and jeer you,
  Yet they know that you are strong.
While they laugh, in truth, they fear you,
  Know themselves that they are wrong.

We that love you, love you better
  For each brave and noble deed;
And we honor, we respect you,
  One may follow where you lead.

We are each in you confiding,
  Trusting you to do your best;
For your truth has just been proven,
  You have nobly passed the test.

Have you told your mother, Willie,
  So that she may feel this joy?
Is she not both proud and happy
  That the hero is her boy?

God knows all about it, Willie,
  It was He that made you strong.
And through Him you will forgive them
  Who have led you into wrong.

And there's sweetness in forgiving,
As there's joy in doing right;
And in making others happy
You have found a pure delight.

CONGENIALITY

His soul is like the great north wind,
Intense, and stern, and cold;
He loves to feel the storm's embrace,
So wrathful, strong, and bold.

The storm, to him, is like himself
In humor and in mood;
Yet every storm, however fierce,
With kindness is imbued.

The while it plays him rough and free,
It takes away his care;
Thus, in his joys and sorrows too,
The storm has rightful share.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A happy new year to you.
May all who are dear to you
Remain ever near to you
  Throughout its days.
Bid evil depart from you,
Keep frowns all apart from you,
Thus lighten the heart of you—
  Seek the best ways.

May treasures reserved for you
Be closely observed by you,
May each be deserved by you
  When it is found.
They sparkle quite near to you,
When seen they are dear to you,
Though oft all is drear to you,
  Search not the ground.

The jewels most rare to you,
The flowers most fair to you,
Sweet voices declare to you,
  God will bestow.
Let conscience decide for you,
Your heart be a guide for you;
And peace will abide with you,
  Joy you will know.

May happiness dwell with you,
May all things be well with you,
May every move tell for you,
  Let there be cheer.
May this be a bright new year,
A swift-moving, light new year,
A high-ruling, right new year—
  Happy New Year!

THE LILY AND THE VIOLET

The lily stood in mournful mien
  And could not help repining;
She felt so stiff, and cold, and pale,
  Although the sun was shining.

What though her chalice was so pure,
  What though her heart was golden,
She knew she lacked the truest worth
  For which to be beholden.

She kept aloof from other flowers,
  She would not share their pleasure;
Though timidly they turned to her
  To plead for other measure.

The weeds, with hers their poorer lot
  And homelier way comparing,
Had made her feel that even they
  Had treasure worth the sharing.

A robin gayly greeted her,
  In wealth of song uniting
The sweetest tones, the richest thought,
  Of his own heart's inditing.

The sun had smiled when he beheld
  The lily's dewy chalice,
And kissed her in his own warm way
  To drive away her malice.

She slowly drooped her weary head
  As in the days declining
She felt that some sweet influence
  Was for her good combining.

A zephyr softly stirred the grass—
The lily, slightly bending,
Saw there a timid violet
Its joy and sweetness lending.

The lily loved the violet
Because it was contented
And took from it the message that
From others she resented.

The timid little violet
Cared not for self's own pleasure,
But gently gave its fragrant grace
To fill another's measure.

THE CUPID CLOCK

Little Cupid has come with a clock in his hand,
And a serious look on his face.
E'er so lightly and daintily poised, see him stand
With such sweet, indefinable grace.

And as Clotho is holding the distaff of life
And Lachesis is spinning its thread,
Little Cupid is guiding through all of its strife,
In the way that God wills me be led.

While old Time gliding swiftly and steadily on—
Never pausing for one who is slow—
So relentlessly hastens the minutes along,
Cupid bids me be ready to go.

Yes, he lovingly bids me to wake, or to sleep,
Or to do that which ought to be done.
Through the rest of my life, he will carefully keep watch
And record every victory that's won.

And this same little Cupid, in league with old Time,
Will take note of each thought that's too late,
Till Atropos shall cut, at the moment sublime,
The fine thread that has measured my fate.

TO YOU, DEAR HEART

Your face is serious now, dear heart,
The old bright smile is gone.
The voice that once was soft and gay
Has now a deeper tone.

Those eyes that once with laughter gleamed
Are now grown gently grave,
And lines upon your face make known
That you are true and brave.

'Twas when care met with you, dear heart,
That first the shadows came,
And since that time your winding way
Has never been the same.

'Twas then the full deep light of truth
So changed your dear, dear face,
And gave to it that tenderness
That ever keeps its place.

There came a wealth of earnest love
To share with all mankind.
A quiet, generous, gentle grace
With courage close combined.

A true and earnest self, dear heart,
Awoke in you that day,
And patient thought for others came
As you pursued your way.

The softened smile upon your face
Is dearer still, dear heart,
Revealing thus the noble soul
In which our God has part.

THE TROLLEY CAR

The trolley car bumping and swaying along
Keeps time to its own weird electrical song.
When all are aboard and the bell has rung twice,
The door slides in place and we're off in a trice.
It thumps over switches in merriest way,
Then evenly glides with a soft, soothing sway.
It swings round the corner with rollicking roll
And has to be careful or off comes its pole.
With whizzing, and whirring, and jingling of bells,
The trolley runs on and its merriment tells.
It sighs as it comes and its sings as it goes
The merry old song that most everyone knows.
The conductor is cheerful, kind, and polite;
The motorman, earnest, and careful, and right.

Yes, that's when we have all the time that we need
And are to its passing not giving least heed.
But when we would hurry the car is so slow,
Impatient, we cry out, "Why doesn't it go?"
Perhaps it goes by us and leaves us to wait,
We glare at the crew with surprise, or with hate.
It comes to the corner at just the right time,
We hasten to take it with smiles quite sublime.
If, when we are waiting, it isn't in sight,
We anxiously watch for its name or its light.
The trolley car really has all of man's ways
And most of them daily it clearly betrays.
It helps and it hinders, it makes great ado,
It teases and pleases, it angers us, too.

But when it breaks down we just hasten away.
"That other will take us," is all that we say.

TO THE SNOWFLAKES

Little snowflakes, softly falling,
Like a blessing from above,
Give to us your silent greeting
Full of peace, and joy, and love.

Little snowflakes, pure and playful,
You are romping with the wind,
Whirling, floating, chasing, resting,
Graceful, gentle, not unkind.

Little snowflakes, white and dainty,
You are welcome as you fall,
Bringing messages from Heaven
From the One who loves us all.

THE THOUGHTLESS WORD

How large the little word is—
The thoughtless word we say,
That can eclipse the sunshine
From out another's day.
We never can recall it,
It is so big with wrong,
The distance it has traveled
Is very, very long.
We sadly think upon it
And wish it were unsaid,
Nor wonder at the sadness
That on the heart is shed.
The one we wrong forgives us,
And God grants pardon, too;
But still a little shadow
Is cast on me and you.

A KNOWING ELF

In an old galvanometer dwelt a queer elf
That could sway the long pointer to suit its small self.
When, a student, I begged it desist from its pranks,
It just perched on the needle and said, "Oh, no, thanks!"
And it doffed its peaked cap and it bowed as it said,
"Don't you know how this indicant ought to be read?"
And that taunting young elf, as I deigned no reply,
Only danced on the needle and winked its bright eye.
All around went that pointer—the elf, all in red,
Gaily climbed on and twisted the very fine thread.
All impatient I called to my teacher for aid,
While the elf laughed, "Ha, ha! So you think I'm afraid!"
But the teacher saw nothing to cause my delay,
As that mischievous elf had just scampered away.
From its place of concealment peeped its bright eyes
With a look all too seriously goody and wise.
"The old needle won't move as it should," I declared;
So he shook it, looked closely, pronounced it repaired.
But as soon as he left me, that elf, coming out
From its hiding, began on a still gayer bout.
Once again that old needle went frisking around,
Or it moved not at all, till my wrath knew no bound.
Oh, I shook it, enraged that my work was not done,
That I had of the "Readings" I needed, not one!
Still the merry elf pranced and its laughter was gay,

Then it spoke to me softly—I heard its voice say:
"I am placed here to teach you a lesson you need.
If you're patient and gentle, why then you may
read."
In the old galvanometer dwells that same elf,
But the "Readings" God takes while I point for
myself.

OCTOBER

October, with her hazy views
Enhanced by many rainbow hues,
Prepares a great and goodly cheer
To help us through the coming year.
She puts to sleep each tiny seed,
And ripens fruit for future need.
She from each gleaning stores the best,
And gives a time for welcome rest.

The month that is, may pass away.
Its purpose served, why need it stay?
The one best suited takes its place,
And gives the earth a fairer face.
And so, in passing, one by one,
The months do wisely what is done;
And each in turn is welcomed back,
For each one has what others lack.

"REGENTS"

There is silence in the schoolroom
When the Regents' work is on,
All the constant little tumults—
All the dear confusion gone.

As I watch the anxious faces,
Each with earnestness supreme;
As I watch the pen's quick motion
Oh, it seems it were a dream!

Three long hours of deathly stillness
Broken by the loud tick tock
Of the seconds quickly passing
As they're told out by the clock!

Just one pen is scratching fiercely.
Racing with my Katie's thought
Is a task by which his penship
Knows he soon must come to nought.

Mamie's hand is moving slowly
But I know her thoughts are strong,
And her work when it is finished
Will have little that is wrong.

How anxiety is deepening!
It is near the closing hour!
The intensity of purpose
Reaches now its utmost power.

But the spell at last is broken—
All the papers given in.
Oh, how many things are thought of
That are not but might have been!

MY GARDEN

I'm laying out a garden small,
And causing some good seeds to fall.
I'm weeding, training, all day long,
That my dear plants may grow more strong.
Their blossoms I may never see,
On some a flower may never be;
But when I see a leaf expand,
Or when I guide some tendril hand,
I like to feel that it has grown
From one small seed that I have sown.
As in the parable of old,
Not all the seeds I sow are told;
There is so much that I would do,
The things accomplished are so few!
My garden is the dear, old school;
Its plants, the children that I rule,
And pleasure comes whene'er I see
Their well-known faces turn to me.

MOTHER'S FACE

On mother's face the care-lines rest,
  Her eyes are wearied, too;
But, oh, it has a look so kind,
  So tender, sweet, and true!

In that dear face is God's own love,
  And messages from Heaven.
In every patient, gentle glance,
  There is a lesson given.

That face is truly beautiful,
  Which, when we scan it o'er,
Reveals to us a precious thought
  That was not ours before.

"DO IT NOW"

If you've aught against one, say it;
Leave him not to wonder why
He is met with looks of coldness—
Seeing, yet unseeing eye.

Tell him that you think he's wronged you—
It may be 'twas all unmeant,
And the cause that you have cherished,
One your own conclusion lent.

He may feel no need of speaking,
Trusting that he's done his best,
Searching for your motive vainly—
Waits for you to do the rest.

He feels hurt at your unkindness—
Longs to call you friend once more.
Will you thus to keep him waiting?
Will you not unlock the door?

Meet him there with gentle greeting,
Tell him why you've passed him by;
He'll explain to you his action,
With a pained and truthful eye.

Passing clouds give way to brightness,
Winter's cold gives way to heat;
Let your clouds roll by forever,
And your trust be made complete,
While your eyes give friendly greeting
And your hands in friendship meet.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH

The firecracker gallantly tears off
Its jacket of well-meaning red,
Torpedoes each burst in their gladness,
Each bombshell with joy cracks its head,
The blue-light its lurid hue giveth,
The chaser its fiery path makes,
The candle sends forth balls of color,
The rocket its forceful curve takes,
The pin wheel whirls gayly in gladness,
Its sparks all in finest forms fall,
While the cannon breaks into thunder,
Intending to outdo them all.
Balloons in their triumph ascending,
How gayly ride out on the breeze!
Each form of our fireworks is doing
Its best and its loudest to please.
How clear is the laughter of children,
How hearty the aged man's shout;
While bells are a tuneful song ringing,
And flags flap in most joyous bout!
Some think all this noise is quite useless,
While others are stirred by its might.
It shows the American loveth
His dearly won freedom and right.

AFTER THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone.
The turkey did full well
To please the people, every one,
For whose repast he fell.

Among the poor, perhaps the more,
True thankfulness was found,
Than 'twas within the rich man's door
Where plenty doth abound.

Oh thankful hearts, indeed had they!
They felt their Fa[illegible]ve,
And He who helps them o[illegible]eir way,
Prepares a home above—

Where rich and poor alike will be,
Where want will not be known,
Where every one from care quite free
May kneel before God's throne.

Such days as this help us to bear
The darkness of our way.
As beacon lights set here and there,
They guide us to the Day.

We pause and think of God's great love,
Of blessings we've received.
Our sorrows take to Him above,
And straightway feel relieved.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone,
We've met those who are dear.
Oh may we greet them, every one,
When comes this day next year!

"SLIM"

Our Herbert was so very stout,
The boys nick-named him "Slim."
They said the elevator slipped
Whenever filled with him.

But Herbert spoke in gentle tone,
His fantasies were new,
And not in courtesy alone
Was he excelled by few.

Although quite firm in argument
Our "Slim" was always fair.
Quite willingly his aid he lent.
He nobly did his share.

The work, the fun, the troubles deep,
He met with cheerful zest,
And when he failed in studies steep
He gayly sought the West.

At first he tried surveying trips
And learned a thing or two,
But that's a hill with many slips.
Surveying would not do.

The very mud upon his boots
Had made his progress slow,
So there he found no tiny shoots
Of what he ought to know.

Now farther westward "Slim" has hied
To keep a general store.
And there quite long he may abide
On 'Couver's distant shore.

We miss our "Slim." We liked his ways.
But though we wish him back,
May sunshine brighten all the days
And business be not slack.

We hope that "Slim" will be sincere
To his ideals, too.
We trust that he will never fear
A noble deed to do.

We would "Slim" knew what kindly thought
Will follow him "out West."
We miss the happy smile he brought.
We miss his ready jest.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Happy, happy bells are ringing
On this holy Christmas morn.
Joyfully the tidings bringing
Of a Saviour who is born.

Oft we've heard this old, old story
But its words are ever dear.
Ring it out with new found glory;
Ring it loud that all may hear.

Into tender sweetness gliding,
Tell of wise-men that were led—
Mystic star so softly guiding—
To the Christ-Child's lowly bed.

NINETY AND FOUR

Yes, Grandmother Stratton is ninety and four.
How slowly we say it,
As if we would weigh it
And show you how neatly the balance is caught.
With summer advancing
All beauty enhancing,
'Tis Grandmother greets us from her open door;
For sitting beside it,
(There's no need to hide it)
She's flirting with those who her bright smile have sought,
Her eyes are discerning,
Each bow she's returning,
And waving her hand in the merriest way.
At times in our hurry,
Right by her we skurry,
And leave her to wonder who 'twas that went past;
Then later we seize her
And kiss her and tease her,
For she didn't know who went by her that day.
No use to deny it.
She must abide by it.
She smiles for she knows all about it at last.
She deserves our protection,
Our lasting affection.
Through all of these years she's done nobly and well.
Her five sons are living,
Her daughter is giving
All brightness she can to the sweet, simple life.
How well they protect her!
How deeply respect her!
With her and her children may happiness dwell.
Three sons fought with daring,
The war-dangers sharing,

And all are now mingling with outer-world's strife,
Excepting the daughter
Who gently besought her,
The mother, to stay in the daughter's neat home.
So there she's remaining
And youth she is gaining.
In questions of moment she takes active part:
In science advancing;
In progress entrancing;
In politics, too; in the earth's starry dome.
Her interest is keen and
Her smile so serene and
She has a most kind, most affectionate heart.
Whatever the season
There always is reason
For going to visit that neat little place
Where Grandmother Stratton
With love as her baton
Directs all the household in her modest way.
How gay is our chorus
When she is before us!
How patient and bright is her dear kindly face!
To ninety and four
And on to five score.
We greet you, dear Grandmother Stratton, to-day.

ADVERTISING IN RHYME

Advertising in rhyme
Is a scheme of the time.
A live and a good one it seems to be, too,
Provided of course that it tells what is true.
And it needs be the rhymes
As a song of the times
Proclaim what is best of the kind to be bought,
And bring to the people a subject worth thought.

AS YOU SAY IT

"That's bully," you say and you mean it, too.
I know by the tone of your voice 't is true.
Your one little word that is not quite pure,—
But bully it is so it must endure.
It means oh so much as you say it, dear,
Your one naughty word that I love to hear.

THE CUPID CLOCK AND THE MATCH-SAFE GIRL

A shepherdess girl on a match-holding stand,
A Cupid that carried a clock in his hand,
Once silently stood at my bureau's each end;
And each wished to find in the other a friend.
He held out his hand as it were, "Will you come?"
She thought of the matches and offered him some,
But she could not move from the place where she stood.
He liked her the better for being so good.
But he for the matches had not the least need.
'Twas only to *her* and to *time* he gave heed.
Her dress was of blue and her slippers of gold.
Her left arm was raised that her hat she might hold.
The dress and the hat were as blown by the wind,
Her hair was a-waving, her eager eyes kind.
And Cupid was clothed in a scarf of pure gold,
His left hand uplifted, the clock in its hold.
The scarf was around him quite gracefully thrown.
His smile,—the same smile by which Cupid is known,
A smile at once serious, kind, and sincere.
No wonder we're happy whenever he's near.
In spite of all obstacles Love has its way
So thus it did happen that Cupid one day,
Was seen standing there by the china match-stand,
A-holding his shepherdess girl by the hand.
Intently she gazed at his serious face,
Was pleased with his wonderful strength and his grace.
It seemed that they felt such a happy content
To be there together. How strange this event!
And how did it happen? Why nobody knew.
And yet, you'll believe me, my story is true.
The clock?—Oh, it stopped in the deepest respect!
Or could it have been from the Cupid's neglect?

A PRESENTATION

The Circle now greets you
With deepest affection
And begs you accept with
Its little selection,
Best wishes for now and
The future, attended
By all the best blessings
Harmoniously blended.

PRESENTING AN OFFICIAL BADGE

Golden-Wedding Anniversary

Loyal little Lady of the G. A. R.,
We, your sisters, give to you this small gold star,
Just because we love you and we know you are
One to wear it worthily and nobly do
All the little talisman requires of you.
Browning wrote a poem to his star,—his wife.
Fifty years you've brightened, of your husband's life.
Though he's not expressed it in a measured rhyme
You alone have been his star in all this time.

TO MRS. JOSEPH WISER

On Her Seventieth Birthday

Seventy summers have passed away,
Seventy winters so cold and gray,
Seventy springs with their gladness true,
Seventy autumns of varied hue.
Sweet are the memories of childhood's joys,—
Dearly loved parents, and pretty toys.
Happy the thought of the school-day friends,
Mischievous light to your eyes it sends.
Precious the gifts that God gave you, too,—
Love for your Joseph, his love for you,
Better to-day than when first it came,
Blessing you both and—changing your name.
Fair as the day is, it needs its night,
Making more fair all the next day's light.
Just as the shadows the lights release,
So all the sorrows the joys increase,
Making them deeper and far more true.
Happiness comes with the good you do.
Granting to others that kindly smile
Makes your own life all the more worth while.
Just as the beauty that comes in spring,
Seems in the summer a perfect thing;
Has in the autumn a truer grace;
Finds in the winter its own best place,
Brightening all in the dearest way,
Driving the grayness and cold away:
So all the beauty of your own life—
Child, girl, and woman, and dear loved wife—
Comes to its autumn and deeper joy.
God bless you, your Joe, your girl, your boy.

These are the thoughts of your schoolmate Sue,
Who, in the classes at school with you,
Noted your kindly and helpful way,
Doing for others in work and play.
So through the years you were always true,
Dearest of all to your schoolmate Sue.

TO THE LOST UMBRELLA

You poor old umbrella I welcome you back
Although to a stranger all beauty you lack.
The loop of your fastening was lost long ago,
That slit in the ribbon "does duty" you know.
Your cover is faded and twice badly torn—
So plain your wood handle—your tassel all worn,
Yet you are the best old umbrella I know;
And while you've been missing I've wanted you so!
As now it is raining a steady downpour,
I stopped at this office to seek you once more;
And oh, how I welcome you, faithful old friend,
So worn, yet so willing protection to lend!

THE LILY-BELLS' CHIME

'Twas Easter and the day was fair.
The sweet spring odors filled the air.
Not far away the church-bells' chime
Told out a glad and tuneful rhyme.
A gray-haired man was feeling sad,
For loneliness does not make glad
The heart of him who is alone.
His family long before had gone
To foreign lands, quite far away,
Where they would spend the Easter day;
While he, for business, must stay here
Away from those to him most dear.
The man was holding in his hand,
While thinking of that foreign land,
A little spray of lily-bells
In which a dainty fragrance dwells.
The blossoms trembled that he held;
It seemed that soft, sweet voices welled—
The purest tone from each white bell—
And these the words they seemed to tell:
"To church, oh come to church with me."
He felt the soft appeal to be
A message that he ought to heed.
The lily-bells had known his need
Of sympathy on this glad day
When those he loved were far away.
He wore the little spray of flowers
And spent in church the morning hours.
'Twas long since he had been there last,
And thoughts of long ago came fast.
The lily-bells with him rejoiced.
The sympathy they felt was voiced
In every fragrant little bell.

They knew he understood so well
Each pure and happy little flower,
And God's own blessing gave him power
To read aright each holy thought
The little lily-bells had brought.

SINCE I LOVE YOU

All the world has fairest beauty
That it is a joy to view,
Pleasure comes with every duty,
Since I love you.
Every passing hour is brighter
And the hardest things to do
Seem so easy, now, and lighter,
Since I love you.

Kinder thoughts for others' sorrow,
And a firm wish to be true;
Better plans for each to-morrow—
Since I love you.
Noble aims and pure ideals,
Giving others all their due,
Honest pride that right reveals—
Since I love you.

What a wonderful contentment
Gently sweet, and strangely new,
Steals away all life's resentment,
Since I love you.
All the troubles sent to try me
Find me strong to conquer, too.
There is nothing can defy me,
Since I love you.

THAT DEAR OLD HOME

From a home of simple beauty
Midst the trees that whispered low,
And gave offering of plenty,
I had to go
To a plain and prosy dwelling
Where stern duty ruled supreme,
And the passing hours were telling
No fairy dream.

Should I ever be forgetting
That dear home of long ago,
There would come a strange regretting
To make me know
How that dear home's simple beauty
Just recalled from day to day
Finds a place with sternest duty
And cheers my way.

There is pleasure in returning
To that pretty little place,
All details in thought discerning.
Let time retrace,
Take me back to boyhood's gladness.
When from care I was so free,
And no thought of this life's sadness
Had come to me.

ALTA CHASE

Have you seen Alta Chase,
That maid of dainty grace
  Whose sunny smile
  And glance er' while
A frown can soon replace?
That frown is nought to fear;
She's only quite sincere,
  As you well know,
  To plainly show
The thought that is severe.

But when the tears are near,
Sweet Alta will not hear
  The word you say,
  Say what you may;
And yet you'll call her dear.
She does not care for praise
Whatever be its phase.
  If you insist,
  She will resist
In all her pretty ways.

A smile, a tear, a frown—
This maid of fair renown—
  Do as she will,
  You'll call her still,
The dearest girl in town.
Her words, so quaint and bright,
Are sure to give delight;
  And none the less,
  Her gentleness
Gives heed to what is right.

She's the dearest girl in town.
She may smile, or she may frown;
For that pretty little dimple,
For that manner sweet and simple,
For that merry glance so dear
Though it sparkle through a tear,
You'll love her still.
Do what she will,
She's the dearest girl in town.

JIMMY'S DAY IN TOWN

"Oh, yes, I've been in town before
  But just on the big Main street!
I walked around from store to store
  In search of the fun I'd meet.
I went to see the show, of course,
  With boys that I met that day.
I tried to catch a run'way horse,
  But trolley-cars blocked my way.

"To-day I came to town to see
  A lady,—a friend of mine.
'T was all as nice as it could be—
  That ride on a new car line.
At last I found the little place,
  Tucked in 'tween its neighbors, tight;
And, seeing there her well-known face,
  I knew that I'd found it right.

"I had to 'muse myself a spell
  With rake, and a great long hose.
At first it all went very well—
  As far as a city boy knows;
But when I fired one little stone
  Just over a neighbor's roof,
Two men appeared 'gainst me alone
  With stones in my hand as proof.

"I then made use of that long hose.
  It sent out a good, strong stream.
I wants to know how far it throws—
  Then I hear a woman scream.
To right or left, to front or rear—
  Oh, where can a poor boy go
That some wise head will not appear
  To say what he ought to know!

"I'd hate to be a city boy
With never a place to play.
I'm sure I found no room for joy
In all of this weary day.
I couldn't fire a stone or two,
Nor play with the great long hose.
I couldn't yell, or play, or do
A thing nor the old cop knows.

"Oh! don't you want to come with me
Where the woods and the roads are free?
There'll be no one to drive us away—
We'll be welcome as long as we stay.
Come, come, where we'll have a chance to run.
Come, come, where there's room for all our fun.
Oh! don't you want to come with me
And be glad as a boy can be?"

LEAF DANCE

All the little leaves are calling:
"Come and have a romp with me."
"Down to earth we're softly falling,
So glad are we!"
"How the rough wind comes a-chasing,
Driving us in merry way—
Hurling, whirling, interlacing,
In joyful play!"

As they fall the leaves are whispering
Nature stories strange and true,
And they keep one ever wondering
At all they do.
Every leaf has certain duties
And will cheerfully obey,
Each one adding to earth's beauties
In some small way.

When the leaves' playtime is ended
And their real life work is done,
When their joy with ours has blended
They, one by one,
Rest, until, by transformation,
Life and energy set free,
Of next season's new creation,
A part can be.

AUTUMN SONG

When the leaves are falling
  Softly o'er the ground,
When the nuts are tumbling
  Down with thumpy sound,
When the squirrels skurry
  Gathering winter store—
All in such a flurry,
  Seeking more and more,
Don't you love to wander
  Through the mellowed wood?
Don't you like to ponder?
  Don't it do you good?

When the flowers have faded
  Silently away,
And with softened shading
  Fades the autumn day,
When the sun is gleaming
  Through a golden haze,
Buds and seeds a-dreaming,
  Wrapped in leafy maze,
Don't you love to wander
  Through the fragrant wood?
Don't you like to ponder?
  Don't it do you good?

Though the birds departing,
  Sing a saddened song,
Though the insects, darting,
  Stranger notes prolong,
And the spiders, weaving,
  Woolly sacs prepare

There's no need of grieving.
God is taking care.
Aren't you glad that round you
Sunbeams have appeared,—
Warmly to surround you?
Has their promise cheered?

'TIS BETTER SO

There is never need of sighing
When a longed-for thing is gone,
Yet there's ever need of trying
When we see it pass along.
If we do our best to gain it,
And our efforts are in vain,
Let us not be so discouraged—
There are other things to gain;
And if God in kindness keeps us
Far from that for which we long,
He has something better for us;
And the trial but makes us strong
For the duty that awaits us
And will bring a blessing true,
If we cheerfully accomplish
What is given us to do.

RAINDROPS

Though the little gray tones gather,
And men call it "queer old weather,"
Don't you care.
'T is the raindrops making ready
For a frolic, quaint and steady,
In the air.

How the little raindrops patter,
With a most persistent clatter
On the pane!
There's a melody of motion,
And a resonant commotion
In the rain.

Every raindrop ends its chatter
With a curious little spatter,—
Disappears,
Each as great a mystic wonder
As that dreadful, deep-toned thunder
That one hears.

Oh, there certainly is pleasure
In the strange and rhythmic measure
That they tell.
All the tones are sympathetic,
And of joy seem so prophetic,—
All is well.

TO-MORROW

"To-morrow, to-morrow,"
So often we say,
Though many the duties
Awaiting to-day.
Elusive to-morrow
That ever will be
Just beyond reckoning
By you, and by me.

"Mañana, mañana,"
The Spaniard will chide
The one who has duty
But turns it aside,
Thus stating so simply
The cause of great wrong;
The bird sings to-morrow,—
We hear not its song.

The duty done later
Is not so well done,
Nor credit it brings us
So honorably won;
And each little thing we
Neglected to-day
Will come into mind when
We kneel down to pray.

SPRING SUNBEAMS

Bright spring sunbeams coming in
Show us what new tasks begin,
Point to us the faded paint,
Mark for us the colors faint
Of the coverings on the chairs,
How the varnish dulls and wears,
Notes the falling paper, too,
Shows necessity for new.
Everything that needs repair
They outline with truthful care.

Clothing, now more brightly shown,
Threadbare spots are all made known;
Coziness of winter past,
Those sun shadows deeply cast,
Each ungraceful line makes clear
Warning us that spring is near.
All our world must now awake
Interest in its beauty take.
All must be in keeping true
Blending bright tones, fresh and new.

Dingy car, and muddy street
Now offend the senses neat.
Those spring sunbeams clearly show
How this same old world would go
Were not their own bright selves sent
Just to teach us 'twas not meant
That we think alone of care,—
Beauty should be everywhere.
Sunbeams lead in cheerful way.
Make it pleasure to obey.

LONELY

The cozy home is all so still
Save the busy little clock,
And that gives me a lonely chill
By its coldly told tick-tock.
My mother is away this week.
I am keeping "bachelor's hall"
With Gern, my dog, so true and meek.
We are lonely,—that is all.

When Gern's dear head is gently placed
Just beneath my busy arm,
My thought of work is quite effaced
By his eyes' appealing charm.
I have to pet my dear old friend
He's as good as he can be.
Gern satisfied, I can attend
To the task awaiting me.

Yes, Gern and I are good true friends.
We are lonely,—that is all.
What comfort mother's presence lends.
We are lonely,—that is all.
The home it seems is not quite right.
We are lonely,—that is all.
'T is mother dear that makes it bright.
Yes, we're lonely,—that is all.

CONSOLATION

We haven't any time for tears,
Nor any cause to frown;
A flower may open right side up
Whose bud grows upside down.

Let's bravely meet the trials that come
And do the best we can,
Then things will right themselves for us,
Though not as we may plan.

We know in nature nought is lost,
And even failures aid
In bringing forth some good effect,
So why are we afraid?

And that which seems to hinder most,
May help the thing along.
We must not let the worry come
To spoil our happy song.

It is the happy song within
That brightens all without
And gives us just the hope we need
To drive away the doubt.

THE CLOCK

With its even tick-tock,
The serious clock,
Whenever you heed it, gives greeting.
By its key-given powers,
It points to the hours
And counts every moment that's fleeting.
In monotonous rhyme,
Or sweet-sounding chime
Like silvery bells joyously ringing,
With a sympathy true,
'Tis telling for you,
The sad or glad hours life is bringing.

JUST TO BE TRUE

Just to be true to the duty that comes,
  Just to be true every day,
True to one's friends, and true to one's self,
  True to those met on the way,
Brings one to honors, the highest and best,
Gives to one's life a firm purpose and zest.

Just to be true to one's country and home,
  Just to be true in each thought,
True in each word, and true in each look,
  True in each deed that is wrought,
Makes one a chivalrous hero to-day,
Who in his strength drives all evil away.

Just to be true to one's concience and God,
  Just to be true in one's heart,
True in one's sympathy, charity, love,
  True when the trials have a part,
Makes one a hero most valiant and brave,
Able to conquer, to help, and to save.

Just to be true
  In all that we do.
Just to be true every way.
Just to be true
  In all that we do.
Just to be true every day.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Flitter by, flutter by,
Dainty white butterfly,
  Poising so airily,
  Romping so merrily,
Seeking the honey that's hid in the flower.
Flutter so softly by,
Weary white butterfly,
  Resting so dozily,
  Close your wings cosily—
Twilight is chasing the sun from your bower.

Zephyrs sing hush-a-by,
Pretty white butterfly,—
  Swaying you carefully,
  Whispering so prayerfully,
While you are resting on that little leaf.
Someone is passing by,
Sleeping white butterfly;
  Gathers the leafy spray,
  Carries you far away
And in a parlor you waken to grief.

Wander by, sadly by,
Lonely white butterfly,
  Day passes wearily,
  Night comes on drearily,
Honey is gone, and in vain you seek more.
Flitter by, flutter by,
No more, white butterfly,
  For so forgetting you,
  Someone's regretting you,
Like a white petal you lie on the floor.

FEBRUARY

Just a hint of warmer breeze,
Just a twitter in the trees,
Just a dainty valentine,
With its quaint love-laden line.
Just a flower with meaning tender,
Just the kind thought of the sender,
Just the gently falling rain,
Makes one dream of spring again.

LULLABY

Mother's little sleepy boy
  Loosens his hold on his best loved toy,
Lets it lie unheeded by,
  Dainty dream fancies are calling.
Soon the pretty white eye-lids close
  Softly down to the cheek's fair rose.
Simple grace, and smiling face,—
  Innocent dreams gently falling.

Mother's boy will sweetly sleep
  While the dear toys on the watch will keep.
There they stand quite near at hand,
  Waiting the joyful awaking.
When the pretty white eye-lids rise
  Up from two little bright blue eyes,
Mother's boy, with eager joy,
  Toy-land's own glad time is making.

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know the meaning true
Of all the words that are said to you?
Words that come and words that go
Mean just as much as the speakers know.

Thoughts of purity and love
Will bear the words to the Throne above;
Evil thoughts will bear words down,
And make them like to an ugly frown.

Strange the conversation then
Between the good and the evil men.
Each has words to suit the thought,
Yet all that is said may come to nought.

Ignorance is Good's defense.
Good knows not of the evil sense,
Wonders what the words do mean,
Decides, at last, on a meaning clean.

Good may speak to evil mind
Of things that are pure, and true, and kind.
Evil understands them? No.
But thinks he does and will answer so.

Evil will misunderstand;
The good will change by its magic wand,
But an eagerness to learn
Will give a power that will help discern.

Pictures made of words depend
On light and shade that our own thoughts lend.
Study those that are the best
And be unwilling to view the rest.

THE LAST LEAF

The one last leaf
  On the maple tree,
Fluttered downward—
  Right to me.

I saw it fall
  To a near-by roof
Where it trembled—
  Still aloof.

Then on it came
  To the very edge,
Poising lightly—
  O'er the ledge.

A sudden breeze,
  And it whirled about,
Through the eve trough—
  Towards the spout.

And there it paused
  As in doubt or fear,
Turned, and wafted—
  Right down here.

And here it saw
  Just a tiny seed,
Lying coldly,—
  Knew its need.

It took the seed
  In its kind embrace,
Found for it a—
  Resting place.

I left the leaf
  And the seed at rest,
God will wake them—
  When 'tis best.

The leaf but sought
  For a work to do,
Found it, trusted,—
  God is true.

WALKING ON THE SHADOWS

As I walked across the pavement
'Neath a bright electric light,
I was frightened by a spider
That came suddenly in sight.
'Twas the very largest spider
That, till then, I'd ever met,
And it came so quickly towards me
That my foot was almost set
Right upon it; but I dodged it,
Then I stepped again with care,
For it seemed the dreadful object
Was a-moving everywhere.
I sprang sidewise to a grass-plot,
Wondering, would the spider spring.
When I turned, I saw it coming.
It was such a crawly thing!
But it seemed that it was spinning—
Spinning on the pavement? No!
Glancing upward, there I saw it—
It was just a shadow—oh!
How I laughed then at my fearing
Of a thing so very small
And so very far above me!
It was but the shadow's fall
That enlarged the little s(p)inner
As he wove beneath the light,
Making fast right to its framework,
Working there with all his might.
Aren't we walking on the shadows
When we fear that we may fail?
Should we not look often upward
That such fears may not prevail?
While we're walking on the shadows,
Each imagined harm seems real;
But our looking bravely upward
Will the simple truth reveal.

TO THE STENOGRAPHER

"Clip, clip, clirrup,
  Clip, clip, clee,
You are happy,
  So are we."
So sing the keys of your typewriter,
Making the burden of work lighter.

"Clu, clu, caclu,
  Clo, clu, clo,"
Say the keys when
  Work is slow,
Each one responding so steadily,
Writing the symbols so readily.

"Click, click, ca-click,
  Cli, cli, click,"
Speak the keys
  With accent quick
When there is much that you must do
Eagerly, cheerily, helping you.

"Clug, clug, caloo,
  Biff-bang-bo."
Oh, how roughly
  It seems to go,
When you are feeling dissatisfied,
When you are tired and your temper tried!

Each key answers
  In the tone
Given it by
  You alone.
You lead the song of your typewriter,
You make the burden of work lighter.

A SMILE WORTH WHILE

A smile worth while
Is a smile that shows
An earnest thought
As it comes and goes.

It does not come
As a mocking boast
That one can smile
While he suffers most.

It is not given
Just to gain an end,
To win a way,
Or deceive a friend.

It cannot join
With an angry thought
Or be a means
For a purpose wrought.

The smile worth while,
Is the smile that's meant
And that with thought
Is sincerely blent.

It never goes
With a social word
That is not meant
And is scarcely heard.

It doesn't pretend
That the love is dear
When it is false
And can disappear.

'Tis better far
That there be no smile
Than such pretense
That is not worth while.

The truthful smile
Can so gently say
What can be told
In no other way.

The smile worth while
Is the smile sincere,
That comes and goes
With a message dear.

MUSIC—BY DICK

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
Hark! Hear those hoof-beats, light and quick!
What horse is coming? Dear old Dick.

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
Dick is a work horse, brave and strong,
Yet in his hoof-beats there's a song.

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
White is the star on Dick's broad brow.
Hark! Don't you hear him coming now?

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
Dick is so black,—well cared for too.
I hear him coming now, don't you?

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
Dick has a master, kind and good,
Whose every glance is understood.

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.
That is Dick's music every day.
Hush, how the echoes die away!

Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
Pita-pata, pit-pat, pit-pat, pit.

W 19

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
Nov.-Dec. 1988
We're Quality Bound